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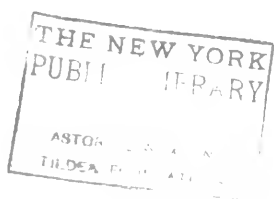
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Fanny Lyman Coy.

Dr. Farnham
Cor., Tenn.

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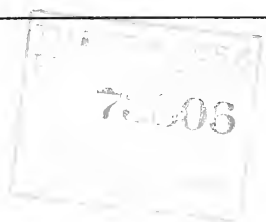
Fond and Loving Memory

of

Fanny Lyman Cox.



Privately Printed.



PROEM.

THESE pages are designed to commemorate the graces and virtues of one tenderly beloved, who was suddenly summoned from the Wilderness of Earth to the Paradise of God. They comprise appreciative memorials which originally appeared as obituary tributes of the press, and a few letters of sympathy and condolence which, however fruitless at first, became more and more grateful and consoling to the hearts of those whom the hand of bereavement had grievously smitten.

These contributions are preserved for the gratification of personal friends, who will appreciate the fact that they but imperfectly outline the beautiful mission of her whose symmetry of person, equable temperament, and rare accomplishments gave the fairest promises of a long and useful life.

It is not extravagant affection which prompts the declaration that the subject of this memorial was so just, so self-contained, and so solicitous for the happiness of those around her that she never permitted an elevation of the voice, an unguarded expression, or the unjust criticisms of others to mar the harmony of her social circle. She ever had a kind word, a gentle act, or a pleasant smile to soften or beguile those transient vexations which are too often magnified until they roughen the surface of our little world.

The cares and responsibilities of her married state wrought no change in her admirable disposition further than to cause her character to expand and blossom as a beautiful flower, and her Christian graces to irradiate as stars, to reflect the virtues of her inner life. She was wise and good, natural and confiding. Trusting not in her own strength, she leaned upon her Saviour as the final refuge; so that when her peerless

spirit passed into the hands of Him who gave it, she was prepared to say, “*Father, not my will, but Thine be done.*”

While her friends may feel comforted that in her triumph over death she has been transferred to a brighter and happier world, human nature will assert itself in grief and sorrow over so great and irreparable a loss. But faith illumines the dreary way, and softens the asperity of affliction with the pleasing assurance that “The Love that has stricken, o’er pain sheds its ray.”

W. R. C.



I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.—ST. JOHN.

That day which men called her last, shall be her birthday in eternity.—SENECA.

OBITUARY NOTICES.



DEATH OF MRS. WILLIAM R. COX.

YESTERDAY morning, at six o'clock, Mrs. WILLIAM R. COX died at the residence of her father, Right Rev. T. B. LYMAN, on East North Street, this city. Her illness was of brief duration and her death unexpected. An infant child survives her. She was a lady of rare cultivation of mind, and with all the graces of the Christian woman. The news of her death caused mingled surprise and sorrow.

News and Observer, Raleigh, Aug. 22, 1885.

Sorrow to many Hearts.

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IN MEMORIAM.

RARELY have the citizens of Raleigh suffered a greater shock than in the unexpected death of Mrs. FANNY AUGUSTA COX, which occurred at the residence of her father, in this city, Friday morning, August 21. The daughter of the Right Reverend THEODORE B. and Mrs. ANNA M. LYMAN, and the wife of Hon. WILLIAM R. COX, she had the deepest hold upon the affections of the entire community, not only of this city, but of many other sections of North Carolina, and the news of her sudden death will carry sorrow to many hearts.

Broad and Catholic Culture.

She was born at Hagerstown, Maryland, January 26, 1849, being a member of one of the most prominent families of that State. Her early life was spent for the most part in Europe; and her rare educational advantages in Dresden, Paris, and Rome were improved to the utmost, giving her an unusual command of modern languages and a broad and catholic culture. Her father removed with his family from Rome to California, and upon his election to the Bishopric of North Carolina took up his permanent residence in Raleigh. Here she speedily became a general favorite, her kindliness of disposition and uniform courtesy winning her hosts of friends. In January, 1883, she became the wife of Hon. W. R. Cox, then as now the Representative in Congress from the Fourth District. Shortly after their marriage, General and Mrs. Cox took an extended European tour, pleasant reminders of which occasionally appeared in the columns of "The News and Observer."

Illness of Brief Duration.

In Washington Mrs. Cox soon became well known in society, and social circles looked forward with pleasant anticipations to her residence in that city during the approaching winter. Her illness was of but few hours' duration, and the first intelligence received by the community was the announcement of her death. She leaves two sons,—a handsome boy of twenty months, in whom her whole heart was wrapped up, and an infant.

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News Observer, Raleigh.



A cultivated Christian Lady.

EVERY citizen of Raleigh who knew that lovely, cultivated Christian lady, Mrs. FANNY LYMAN COX, the wife of our honored Representative, was struck with horror and grief at the announcement of her sudden death this morning. Mrs. COX was the daughter of Bishop Lyman, and was extensively known and greatly admired throughout our State. Her friends and family are paralyzed and dumb with grief in face of the inscrutable providence which has removed the young mother, in the prime of her life and usefulness, from their midst. We cannot give expression to the universal regret with which this terrible blow has been received.

State Chronicle, Raleigh.

A sad Bereavement.

OUR sympathies are extended to General W. R. Cox, Congressman in the Raleigh District, upon the death of his most lovable wife, which sad event occurred at his residence, in Raleigh, on Friday, August 21st.

Mrs. Cox was the daughter of Bishop Lyman. She leaves two children, the youngest a tender infant.

This sad bereavement not only affects her family circle, but will be painfully felt in a wide circle of admiring friends and acquaintances.

Southerner, Tarboro.

Loveliness of Character.

THE wife of General William R. Cox, Congressman from the Raleigh District, North Carolina, died at Raleigh yesterday morning. She was the eldest daughter of Bishop Theodore B. Lyman: she was well known in Baltimore, and greatly admired for her accomplishments and loveliness of character. Mrs. Cox had travelled with her father, and later with her husband, extensively in Europe, the East, and in this country.

Mrs. Cox's mother is a sister of Augustus J. Albert, and her maiden name was Fanny Augusta Lyman. In Washington, where she spent several winters with her husband, she had made a most favorable impression. Her illness was known to only her nearest relatives and friends in Baltimore. Father Lyman, of Govastown, is an uncle of Mrs. Cox; Dr. A. B. Lyman, of this city, is a brother; Mrs. Robert Gilmer is a first cousin. Besides these, she has numerous relatives and connections by marriage in Baltimore.

Sun, Baltimore.

Assemblage of Excellencies.

IN the death of Mrs. WILLIAM R. COX, wife of the Representative from Raleigh, North Carolina, her many friends here and elsewhere have sustained a loss which will be long and deeply felt. During her residence in this city she charmed every one with her easy and graceful manners, her self-possession and rare intelligence. She enjoyed society, and had a joyful interest in life, for she was surrounded with the manifold comforts and appliances which are incident to the most easy conditions, and there was everything in her external circumstances to make that life desirable. She combined a rich assemblage of excellencies. Possessing faculties of a high order, fine conversational talents, varied stores of information, besides accomplishments as a linguist, there was

Harmonious as the Flower.

also simplicity of taste, clear good sense, with an absence of anything like pretension. She was careful of the feelings of those about her, and in the relation of a wife, a mother, a daughter, a sister, a friend, she united dignity, tenderness, and discretion.

Her physical, intellectual, and spiritual person was a fine specimen of symmetry, — “harmonious as the flower.” Her intellect was quick and active, her culture deep, and enriched by the experiences of extensive travels in foreign lands. She had a woman’s appreciation of the beautiful in all its forms of manifestation, whether in natural scenery or in works of art. In the circle of her acquaintances the memory of virtues that had such brief continuance on earth has left an impression that time cannot efface.

Post, Washington.

Attractive Graces.

THE recent death of Mrs. WILLIAM R. COX, at Raleigh, North Carolina, has touched with grief the hearts of many beyond the circle of the family that loved her so well.

In this universal sorrow it is pleasant and consoling to record the many attractive graces that clustered round her genuine and gracious life.

Endowed with brilliancy, quickness of intellect, and natural delicate artistic tastes, she profited by her unusual opportunities, and by periods of foreign residence and travel, she became versed and accomplished in art, languages, and modern literature. These rich endowments of nature and culture made her a delightful companion to all who knew her; while her native kindness of heart, her thoughtful consideration for others, and her refined womanly instincts made all her associates her friends.

Unselfish Devotion.

and won from many their entire confidence and affection.

Ever sedulously considerate of those subordinate to her, she was beloved by them with the greatest warmth.

Hers was a beautiful Christian character; she lived in the fulfilment of duty, in unselfish devotion to the interest of relative and friend, and amidst all the duties and pleasures that surrounded her, her church and her obligations were never forgotten or neglected, and deft mementos, the work of her own hands, testify to her loving care.

Verily "her sun went down while it was yet day," and a home is now darkened by the sudden removal of the one who was the centre of its life and light.

May the God of all comfort, in His own good way and time, heal the smitten hearts, and give fullest consolation to those who mourn.

Churchman, New York.

Simplicity of Manner.

IN Raleigh, Friday morning, August 21, at the residence of her father, the Bishop of North Carolina, departed out of this life into a better, FANNY AUGUSTA, wife of the Hon. Wm. R. Cox, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

The impression made upon society by this sad and unlooked-for event has been indicated in many ways, and especially by the appreciative notices of the secular press. Called to a conspicuous position in the eye of the world, and having always moved in the most distinguished society, Mrs. Cox was singularly fitted to perform with grace and dignity the duties of her station, and to add to it the charm of cultivated and accomplished womanhood. Strength of natural understanding, simplicity of manner, which can only come of good sense and good

Decision of Character.

feeling, decision of character, and a high sense of duty were the most important elements of a personality in which those who knew her best recognized also the softer qualities of gentleness, patience, kindness, charity. It is not possible that society should lose such an ornament and not feel deeply the loss.

What she was to those of her own household only they themselves can fully understand. The gentle and affectionate daughter, the loving and confiding wife, the tender and devoted mother, the sincere and considerate friend, — her life was complete and rounded, though short. She gave full proof of her ministry to those to whom God had sent her: "The heart of her husband did safely trust in her."

But in the hour of bereavement we turn to other sources of comfort than social and domestic virtues, however conspicuous these may have been. Underlying these, quickening them into their most beautiful development, was a spirit

Piety was Unostentatious.

of sincere and rational religion. Family cares and social engagements could never make her forget her duties to God and to His Church. Yet her piety was quiet and unostentatious, not exhibited to men, and known only by its sanctifying influence upon her character, and by those undesigned and unconscious self-manifestations wherein the most modest soul cannot but show occasional glimpses of its inner life to the appreciative eye of friend and intimate.

The closing scene — awful and unexpected — might crush family and friends by its sudden sorrow, but God prepares His children whom He calls. Without fear and without repining she resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who stood by her ready to receive it.

“The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: And he that hath it shall abide satisfied; he shall not be visited with evil.”

Church Messenger, N. C.

*“Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and
the day is far spent”*

*“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!”*

THE FUNERAL.

THE funeral services of Mrs. Cox were held Sunday afternoon, from Christ Church, and were impressively sad. The tributes of respect paid the dead, in the attendance, the sympathy manifested, and the floral tributes, were marked. The services were conducted by Rev. GILBERT HIGGS, of Warrenton, Rev. BENNETT SMEDES, and Rev. R. B. SUTTON, D.D. Rev. Dr. F. M. HUBBARD was in the chancel. Rev. GILBERT HIGGS read the lesson. The choir sweetly chanted the burial anthem and the hymn, "Abide with me." Rev. BENNETT SMEDES recited the closing prayer. As the procession passed out the south door of the church the choir sang, "Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are singing." The services were concluded at the city cemetery, where the remains were temporarily placed in a vault. Rev. Dr. SUTTON conducted these closing services.

The following gentlemen were the pall-bearers: MESSRS. WALTER CLARK, S. A. ASHE, V. E. TURNER, GEORGE H. SNOW, A. B. ANDREWS, F. H. BUSBEE, R. S. TUCKER, and C. B. ROOT.



LETTERS.

THE following personal letters to members of the family of the deceased furnish their own explanation.

They are embodied in this Memoir to facilitate that communion of sympathy which is ever grateful to the overburdened heart.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Aug. 21, 1885.

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I do not know how to write all the sorrow and sympathy I feel for you and for myself. We all loved your Fanny next to our immediate circle, and the shock is very great. My dear Aunt, how I wish I was with you in this trying hour, if only to press your dear heart on my shoulder, for I know what overwhelming sorrow is so well. I feel so shocked and dazed now I can only pray that He whom you have served and trusted so long will hold you closer in His "everlasting arms" than ever before. Pa is completely unmanned; he has been talking a great deal about Fanny the past few days. J—— sends love and sympathy, in which all join, to you and all your afflicted household, Judge Cox, and precious little Albert, too young to know his loss. How dear he will be to you now,—a link between heaven and earth. . . .

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Closest of all Communion.

CAPE MAY, Aug. 22, 1885.

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I could not help being disappointed when the mail came in, that there was nothing from Raleigh, although I did not know who was there to write. It is so hard to sit quietly here unable to do anything for you, and not knowing anything beyond the distressing, heart-rending fact that our dear Fanny's dear, sweet, kind, thoughtful spirit is no longer with you, but with her loving Saviour. That can be and must be the thought now,—not what we are suffering, but that the loving daughter and wife and gentle friend is face to face, even eye to eye, with her Saviour,—the closest of all communion. We are all so distressed, for we all loved her as one of ourselves. I so hope Judge Cox and Bishop Lyman were with you, and will anxiously await the particulars. I wish I could know when she is to be laid in the grave hallowed by Jesus, he having laid there first and robbed it of its gloom. I am thinking of you all the time, and praying for you and for all.

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Overwhelming Sorrow.

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 2, 1885.

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WHAT shall I say to express my great sympathy for you in this overwhelming sorrow that has come upon you all? It was a great shock to every one of us — something that is impossible to realize — that dear Fanny is gone.

I always associate with her the thought of perfect health and strength. It will be a pleasure to me always to remember her as she looked last winter, when she stayed here with her little Albert. I never saw her look so pretty; and she was so proud of her baby, and looked so perfectly happy, that I like to think of it. That she should have been taken out of this world when she had *everything* to live for is truly mysterious. I am sure it must be a comfort to you to feel that she has been spared pain and trouble in this life, and that she now awaits in the Paradise of God those whom she loved and left here on earth.

The Precious Legacy.

Fanny was such a sweet character that we all felt very much attached to her. I do not believe I ever heard her say a harsh word of any one, nor heard her raise her voice in anger. She was always the same, no matter if we saw her every day or only once a year. She had a kind, pleasant word for every one. This must have been pleasing to her Heavenly Father, and the thought of it must be a great help to you. But of course this is an hour of such sore trouble that it is beyond the power of any friend on earth to help or comfort you. I trust and am assured that the good God, whom you have loved and in whom you have believed all these years, will strengthen and sustain you. How your heart will go out in love and tenderness to the dear little motherless babies,—the precious legacy Fanny has left behind her!

Please give assurances of our sympathy to Bishop Lyman, Judge Cox, and all your household.

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Bright and full of Happiness.

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 6, 1885.

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I was so much distressed to hear of dear Fanny's sudden death. How dreadfully sad for her to be called just when life was brightest and fullest! It is hard for us to realize, when we think of the little helpless babies she has been called upon to leave, that "all things work together for good for those who love God." Yet we do and must believe that it is so. Dear Mrs. Lyman, I wish I could say something to comfort you, for Fanny's sake; but I know of nothing except to think of the beauties and graces of her character, which surely now has been brought to perfection, the sweetness of her disposition, her kindness and generosity. Long and intimately as I have known Fanny, I never heard her speak ill of any one. She seemed always to think the best of every one. I am glad, as her life has been so short, that it has been so bright and full of happiness.

One to be Proud of.

MONT ALTO, PENN., Aug. 23, 1885.

THE tidings of dear Fanny's death came to us through the Philadelphia "Press," sent by a friend this morning. It is hard to realize that she is taken, just now when she had so much to live for, in the happy days of her life. From time to time I have heard of her and of you all through my sisters, and I have never ceased to feel great interest in the welfare of the family, and rejoiced much in Fanny's happiness.

We do indeed see "through a glass darkly ;" but we do still see through faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God ;" and however imperfect we are, we are still sure of this, that we do love Him. I may write, I hope, without intruding upon the grief which the first death in your family causes, for I loved Fanny as a child ; and when she came home, after so many years of absence, an elegant, accomplished, and dignified woman, she was one to be proud of and admire. Above all, I trust she was a sincere Christian, that now she is enjoying the rest of Paradise. If, in this great sorrow, the sympathy of your friends is any consolation to you, be assured you have it.

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Fascination so Peculiar.

LITCHFIELD, CONN., Aug. 24, 1885.

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IT is difficult for me to realize the fact that our dearly loved Fanny has passed away from these earthly scenes. After such brief experience of conjugal and maternal happiness, what a sad, *hard* separation! She was gifted and fitted to adorn a home and the society which opened to her. The last time we saw our dear Fanny she was so bright, so lovable in her joyousness and prospective happiness. We, B—— and I, were impressed with the charm of a fascination so peculiar; it fairly transfigured her, and we caught the glow. We little thought it was our last meeting. It is the first blight, my dear friend, that has fallen upon your family circle, and it could only be one slip more heavy. . . . May you and the Bishop, as well as all so deeply involved in this heavy affliction, be ever sustained and cheered by the sweet assurance that she is “asleep in Jesus,” and so draw every spiritual and sustaining comfort from the hope of an eternal and blessed reunion. . . .

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A Terrible Loss.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 31, 1885

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It was with the deepest sorrow Dr. B—— and I saw in the papers the announcement of your dear Fanny's death. Words fail me to express my sympathy with you and her father on this mournful occasion. So young, healthy, and full of strength as she always appeared, a long and happy life seemed to be her portion. I can hardly express the shock with which I read the account of her premature and sudden death.

What a terrible loss she must be to her husband and family, not to speak of the Bishop and yourself. . . . Only a short time ago she sent me a lovely photograph of her eldest little boy, and I was anticipating with pleasure seeing him and his mother during my present stay in America. Your son Albert wrote to the Doctor, telling him of Fanny's death, and the Doctor asked him to come out and see us, which he did. When you feel able I should be glad to hear from you. We arrived in America last week. . . .

Happiness too Great.

GEORGETOWN, OHIO, Aug. 21, 1885.

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I was shocked and pained to read in the New York "Herald" the announcement of your wife's and my friend's death. It seems so dreadful to think of the happy wife and mother gone forever. Your happiness with her was too great to last, and my heart goes out to you in this, your terrible loss. God bless and comfort you is my earnest prayer. I suppose your wife died in childbirth. . . . For a woman to die under such circumstances is unusually sad,—a spirit coming, and a spirit going. In every way did fortune smile on Mrs. Cox, and it seems all the harder to think of her as dead. She was so fond and *proud* of you. Please let me know if she suffered very, *very* much, also if her babe lives.

What anguish it must have been to her (if conscious) to give up a living presence with you, her family, and her children! My hand is too tremulous to write any more on a subject which gives me pain.

*

Her Place can never be Filled.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Aug. 21, 1885.

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PARDON me for intruding thus upon your great grief, but I cannot resist sending you a few lines to express my warm and heartfelt sympathy for you in your terrible sorrow.

I shall ever mourn her loss, and remember her with the sincerest affection as the sweetest, most lovable, and attractive of friends, whose place can never be filled.

God alone, in his infinite love and mercy, can give you consolation. May you find strength from Him to bear this heavy affliction, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend.

*

Influential and Useful.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 22, 1885.

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I observe with pain that Mrs. Cox has been taken from you. Let me express my sympathy in this great affliction. I had not had the good fortune to see much of Mrs. Cox, but the impression I received when once calling upon her at this place was so favorable that I am disposed to feel and to express regret that it has pleased the Sovereign Disposer of events to take her from a scene in which I had imagined that she was to be influential and useful. So much, General, in addition to your own more special cause for great sorrow. No doubt, however, *it is all right* upon that great scheme of things in which we all make part, but to the movement of which our souls do not always at once conform; and when it is said to be "right," all is said that can offer consolation.

*

Life like the Morning.

BLACK MOUNTAIN, N. C., Sept. 3, 1885.

. . . .

MY husband and I have felt so much pain in talking of your loss, we have been incapable of saying any word of sympathy to you. Indeed, the blow that has fallen upon you was so unexpected by your friends that one has a *stunned* feeling for you, and fails to realize the infinitude of such loss when it is so new. I know how you must be staggering along your way. Your happiness was so new. I have not gotten over being glad for you, and *now*, so soon, it is all changed. Please try and remember that all of your friends can bear testimony that you made her life like the morning, — all sunshine. I do not think there could be anything sweeter for a man to remember than that he made his wife, while he had her, *happy*. And so you will have to gather up your strength, not as you had planned at all, but with at least a great consolation in the thought of her blameless life, her gentleness and grace, and all the joy you brought into her life. . . .

*

Endeared to many Friends.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5, 1885.

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It is with sincere sorrow I write to offer my heartfelt sympathy in your great loss. I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved, for I had not heard of dear Fanny's illness, and the notice of her death was a fearful surprise. She had endeared herself to her many friends by her lovely disposition, her gentleness, her unvarying friendship and Christian character, and her loss will be deeply felt by all whose privilege it was to know her. I cannot pretend to offer you any consolation, for I know how utterly futile all words are ; but I can offer our sincere sympathy.

My little boys remember her with the greatest affection, and expressed so much sorrow when I told them she had passed away.

I would have written earlier, but have been ill, and can scarcely write coherently. But I feel that I must send you a few lines, to assure you of my love for dear Fanny and my deep sympathy for you and your family. . . .

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Learned to appreciate her.

RALEIGH, Sept. 4, 1885.

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WE received the sad intelligence of the sudden death of Mrs. Cox while in the West. My family were very much shocked at the intelligence. Only a short time before they had been much with her at Morehead City, and learned to appreciate her more than ever; and they join me in extending to you assurances of their deepest sympathy. Human sympathy in the hour of deep affliction is of little avail to our hearts; but I need not remind you, my dear friend, that a Father's hand has given this blow, and He alone can and He will heal the wound.

*

Loved and Admired.

ROCK EXON SPRINGS, VA., Aug. 29, 1885.

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You have been so constantly in my thoughts since I heard of the death of your precious wife, I cannot refrain from giving expression to my sincere and tender sympathy. I loved and admired Mrs. Cox so much that you will not consider it a liberty. I hesitated about intruding on the sacredness of your grief, but you will understand and appreciate my feelings. I am truly grieved, and my sorrow is heartfelt. . . . I am one of many who grieve with and for you, and pray that by God's grace you may be enabled to bear with patience and fortitude your great sorrow. Judge H—— is with me, and desires me to express to you his deepest sympathy.

*

Beautiful Life and Generous Nature.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 10, 1885.

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ON going down the city from here (Thaapia), where we live for the summer, I secured my mail. What a sad revelation I found inside! I handed the unwelcome tidings of your blessed wife's demise to my wife, and the beautiful life and generous nature of yours was our theme. But how can we express the heart's condoling sympathy? I must leave it to the gentler feelings of my wife, who knew how to appreciate the qualities of yours. I intended last week to write you a general letter, to let you know about our new life under its strange conditions here; but I must await the lapse of time, for *life* in its most charming features has lost for you so much of its enchantments.

Trusting your boy and the child are well, and that you have with your innate courage and true philosophy mastered some of the sad and discouraging obstacles which Death has placed in your path, I am as ever,

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MONODY.

The Young and Beautiful lies Dead.

A MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF MRS. FANNY AUGUSTA COX,

WHO DIED AT RALEIGH, N. C., AUGUST 21, 1885.

By WILLIAM J. CLARKE.

A VOICE of wailing strikes mine ear.
A query Earth cannot make clear.

I sadly ask, "Oh! why did Heaven
Take back the gift that it had given?"
The young and beautiful lies dead,
The bright and loving spirit's fled;
Earth draped in mourning, nevermore,
With sunniest beams can joy restore.

Ye starry watchers of the night!
Ye saw her spirit's upward flight;
Wearied she of mortal woe,
And heav'nward flew, the way to show?

“Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust.”

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !
Saviour, in thy word we trust.”
Death is not the spirit’s night,
But dawning of eternal light.
O’er Lazarus laid in his tomb,
On earth you wept, in mortal gloom.
Soft as Hermon’s dews distil,
Our hearts with heav’nly solace fill!
Teach us to feel — our hearts to say,
“ Our Father knew the better way.”

One ’s needed for celestial choir,
He speaks : “ My daughter, come up higher.”

Lost one ! on summer ev’ning’s close,
When tired Earth seeks soft repose,
Thy beck’ning hand from glowing skies
Will oft be seen by loving eyes.

NEW-BERNE, N. C., Aug. 23, 1885.

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1 Photo

